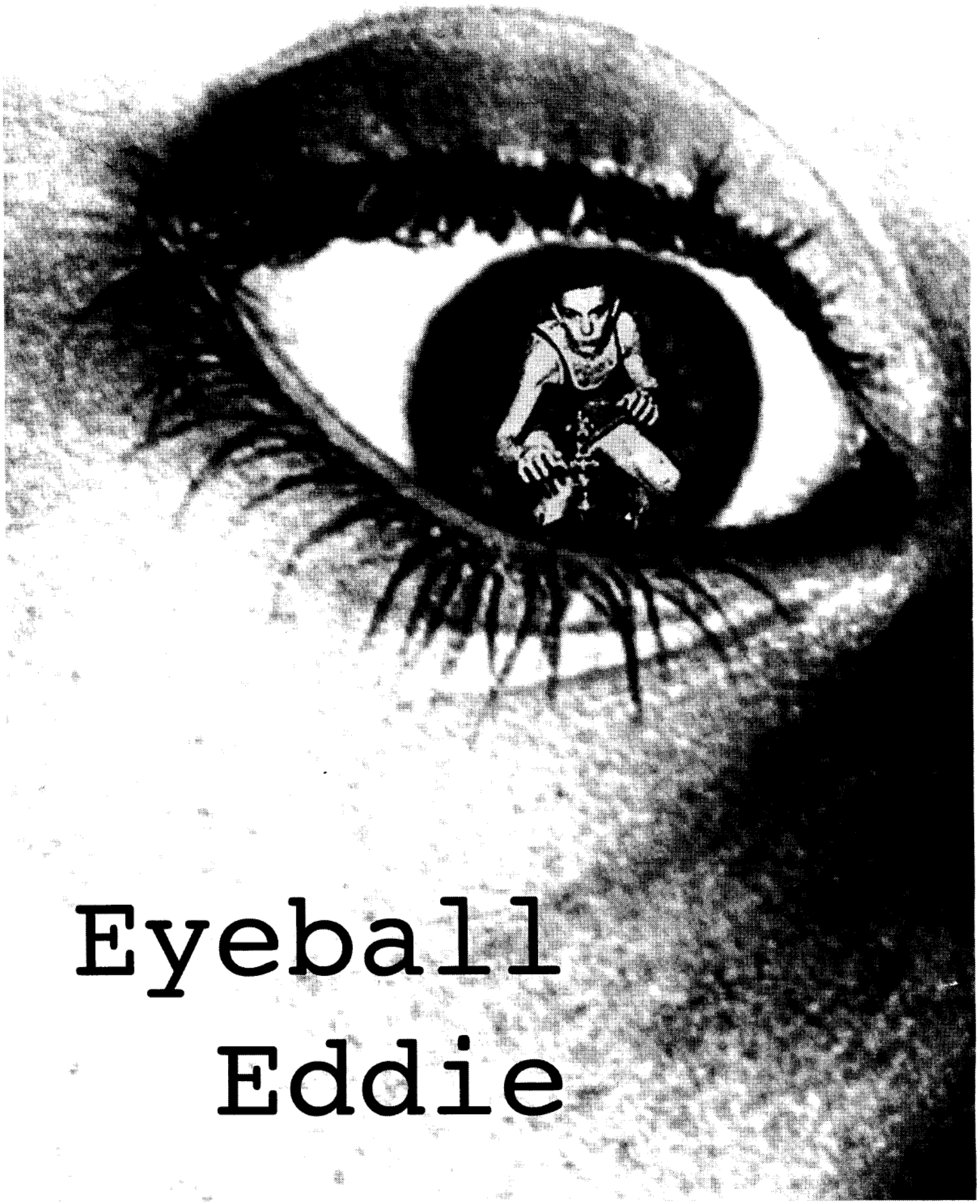

Eyeball Eddie

PUPIL PRODUCTIONS

Presents

Eyeball Eddie

A film about Blind Ambition

CONTACT

Production Offices

Pupil Productions
6922 Hollywood Blvd
Suite 415
Hollywood CA 90028

(323) 957-6304
(323) 461-0253 Fax
http//www.pupil.org

Director
Liz Allen
Direct Line
(323) 957-6319
liz@pupil.org

Producer
Alexis Kasperavicius
Direct Line
(323) 957-6317
lex@pupil.org

Eyeball Eddie

MOJO FILMS

6 January 1999

To Whom It May Concern:

I encourage you to join me in supporting director Liz Allen.

This Spring, Ms. Allen begins production on her U.S.C. thesis film, EYEBALL EDDIE. Bolstered by the advice of industry professionals, EYEBALL EDDIE will be shot and finished on 35mm film. Her choice to deliver a 35mm version of her film is a sensible one (it's the standard professional format), yes, but also next-to-impossible without the support of cast and crew, vendor houses, and post-production facilities willing to assist her with significant discounts and donations.

I can vouch for Liz Allen as both a talented director and resourceful producer. I met her five years ago when she was a producer's assistant on "Things to Do In Denver When You're Dead" and, since then, have watched her develop as a filmmaker. She has flourished at U.S.C.'s Graduate film school, studying the history and craft of film, producing/directing a first-rate spec commercial and, ultimately, winning a prestigious scholarship.

No doubt, her thesis film will be the culmination of all that she has studied.

In 1991, I had the good fortune of shooting and finishing my own U.S.C. 35mm graduate thesis-film, AIR TIME, an undertaking which would have been infeasible without the aid of, among many others, Deluxe Labs, Disney Sound, Panavision, and Amblin Entertainment Post-production. Over the past nine years, I've done my best to reward their assistance with my loyalty and friendship.

Back then, the production of my own thesis film was aided by a letter of support from writer-producer Bob Gale who, remarkably, believed in me based on the merits of an eight-minute black-and-white film I'd made at U.S.C. His endorsement proved *priceless*.

I am inviting you to do the same for filmmaker Liz Allen. She is passionate, able, and quite talented, and will reward your support with -- beyond her loyalty -- an outstanding film.

Sincerely yours,

Gary Fleder

FORWARD

9021 MELROSE AVENUE SUITE 302 LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA 90069 TELEPHONE 310.248.6070 FAX 310.385.0475

Gary Fleder, director of KISS THE GIRLS, THINGS TO DO IN DENVER WHEN YOU'RE DEAD and award winning television programs, has graciously agreed to act as a project mentor for EYEBALL EDDIE.

Eyeball Eddie

4 January 1999

To Whom It May Concern:

We have known Liz Allen for 4 years, and have watched her grow from a director's assistant into a director in her own right. At DreamWorks we are associated with many people of vision and feel that with her passion and integrity Liz shows great potential.

We offer her full support and encouragement, and extend any assistance she may need in the making of her film.

Sincerely,

Martin Cohen
DreamWorks Post Production

Erica Frauman
DreamWorks Post Production

SUPPORT

100 Universal Plaza Building 477 Universal City California 91608 (818) 733-7000

Martin Cohen and Erica Frauman are Executive Producing EYEBALL EDDIE. They run the post production department at Dreamworks SKG and have supervised post on SCHINDLERS LIST, THE LOST WORLD: JURASSIC PARK, SAVING PRIVATE RYAN, and many other Amblin and DreamWorks projects.

I am a certified beautician, I was the youngest "fry-guy" to ever work at Red Lobster, I grew up on Long Island and I drove a Red Camaro that I bought from a retired minister down the street from me. That was home. Or rather "homebase." But every other year since I was born, my physicist father would pack up the family and we'd move to a new town, with a new school district, and frequently even a new language.

I know about High School - I should have done a survey on it. I know about the inherent mean-spiritedness of kids and I also know about not fitting in. But worst of all, I know about "selling-out."

The official definition of "selling out" is compromising a large part of yourself to be accepted or at least noticed by people. Selling out stunts a person from cultivating his or her own personality, but in the worst cases it also hurts others in the process.

Our film explores all of these issues in a larger-than-life scenario as the lead character, Eddie struggles to come to terms with his deformity. He is an insecure kid who exploits himself for attention. He becomes a freak - for all the wrong reasons. By the end of the story he has become so grotesque that he has to reel himself in and redefine his own personality for himself.

I am overwhelmed by the support that people have extended toward the production of EYEBALL EDDIE. Because of the uniquely spirited and experienced group of people that are collaborating to make this film possible, I am confident that it will be a rewarding experience for everyone who joins the team.

Liz Allen

Liz Allen is directing Eyeball Eddie.

SPONSORED BY

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Village Roadshow Pictures
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Eyeball Eddie

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STEP UP: A non-profit organization of women professionals from varied areas of the entertainment industry.

OUR MISSION: To raise money for philanthropic organizations each year through events that will simultaneously promote and support women in the entertainment industry.

YOUR DONATION/1999 BENEFICIARY OF STEP UP – REVLON/UCLA BREAST CENTER: We are asking you for your financial support. The money that you donate will underwrite STEP UP events so that more can be raised for our 1999 beneficiary the REVLON/UCLA BREAST CENTER. This center offers comprehensive programs for women with breast cancer and other breast disease.

OUR FIRST ENDEAVOR: STEP UP FILMMAKERS' LAB FOR WOMEN – 1999: Our non-profit filmmakers' lab will take place May 6th – 9th, 1999. The lab is open to unproduced female screenwriters who may submit screenplays with a $20 entrance fee. Three screenplays will be selected from this pool of submissions and will be the focus of the three day lab. The lab will be open to the general public with a small charge, and space will be limited. A holiday party will kick off the submissions period on December 4th, 1998. Submissions will be closed February 26th, 1999. Proceeds from the screenplay submissions, attendance to the lab, holiday party, and all other STEP UP events will be donated to the 1999 beneficiary.

FILMMAKERS' LAB: We are thrilled to announce the following women will be participating in the lab as workshop leaders, panel members and speakers:

Alison Anders	**Jane Berliner**	**Carol Bodie**
Allison Brecker	**Bonnie Bruckheimer**	**Cynthia Pett-Dante**
Denise DiNovi	**Angela Featherstone**	**Lesli Linka Glatter**
Whoopi Goldberg	**Carla Gugino**	**Linda Hamilton**
Lauren Schuler Donner	**JJ Harris**	**Lisa Henson**
Debra Hill	**Katie Holmes**	**Erica Huggins**
Joan Hyler	**Nina Jacobson**	**Deborah Kaplan**
Marlene King	**Susan B. Landau**	**Andrea Pett Joseph**
Jennifer Leitzes	**Kasi Lemmons**	**Molly Madden**
Samantha Mathis	**Heather Thomas**	**Claire Rudnick Polstein**
Meryl Poster	**Sonya Rosenfeld**	**Clar Ryu**
Shawn Schepps	**Anabella Sciorra**	**Alexandra Seros**
Stacey Snider	**Beth Swofford**	**Stacy Title**
Jennifer Todd	**Suzanne Todd**	**Courtenay Valenti**
Paula Wagner	**Julie Yorn**	

We hope that you recognize the ambitions of STEP UP and that you will be supportive of our goals. Information regarding donations, sponsorship, and membership is enclosed. If you have any questions and would like further information please call (323) 549-5347. We are very excited about the future of this organization and look forward to a long and meaningful relationship with you.

Many thanks ---the members of STEP UP.

*Speaker participation will be based on availability.

SPONSOR

All grants and donations are tax-deductible due to fiscal sponsorship offered by STEP-UP.

Any donations are gratefully accepted.
The Federal Tax ID # 95-470-1468
Mail gifts to the following address:

STEP UP - EDDIE EYEBALL FILM
c/o Interscope
10900 Wilshire Blvd Ste 1400
Los Angeles CA 90024
Attn: Kaye Popofsky

Eyeball Eddie

SUPPORT

January 8, 1999

To Whom It May Concern:

Liz Allen is a uniquely gifted filmmaker and I feel quite privileged to participate in the making of "Eyeball Eddie."

I enthusiastically pledge my full support, assistance and professional resources during the preproduction, production and postproduction of her film.

Having attended the Independent Producers MFA Program at UCLA, I've been involved with many student films and I've never before seen a thesis film project greeted Industry-wide with such open arms and generous offers of support. This is a testament to the promise of this project specifically and to Liz's abilities as a filmmaker, generally.

At Red Hour, we're committed to working with creative people whose work distinguishes itself by its quality, vision and innovation, and we very much hope to be in business with Liz Allen in the near future.

Erin Simon
VP, Television

193 N. Robertson Blvd. • Beverly Hills, CA 90211 • tel. (310) 289-2565 fax (310) 289-5988

Erin Simon is currently the Vice President of Television Development at Ben Stiller's Red Hour Productions with ABC.

Eyeball Eddie

SUPPORT

CLEAN BREAK PRODUCTIONS

January 8, 1998

To Whom It May Concern:

Over the last few years I have had the benefit of Liz Allen's intelligent input and expertise as it pertained to several projects produced by our company. Liz is an extremely talented filmmaker with an eye for quality.

We welcomed the opportunity to fully support "Eyeball Eddie." Liz's unique abilities combined with an excellent script choice made this an irresistible offer for us.

At Clean Break Productions, we look forward to working with Ms. Allen in the very near future.

Courtney Thompson
Vice President Development

2934½ BEVERLY GLEN CIRCLE, SUITE 371 • BEL AIR, CA 90077 • TEL.: (818) 995-1221 • FAX: (818) 995-0089

Clean Break Productions is actor Tom Arnold's production company based at Universal Studios.

DONORS

Brett Ratner

Director of RUSH HOUR and MONEY TALKS.

Cary Woods

Producer of SCREAM, KIDS, THINGS TO DO IN DENVER WHEN YOU'RE DEAD, BEAUTIFUL GIRLS, GODZILLA, and many other films.

Scott Rosenberg

Screenwriter of CONAIR, DISTURBING BEHAVIOR and BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

Celeste Gainey

Lighting designer for restaurants and aesthetically challenging commercial spaces in Los Angeles.

Jack Nicholson

Sponsors an annual grant for the strongest directing candidate at USC. Liz Allen was this years recipient.

Even in a student production, there are significant hard cash costs for equipment and materials. The above individuals have generously offered cash donations for production of Eyeball Eddie.

USC
UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Eyeball Eddie

11 January 1999

School of Cinema-Television
University of Southern California
Los Angeles, California 90089-2211
Tel: 213 740 3317
Fax: 213 740 3566

To Whom It May Concern:

Liz Allen is one of those students whom I feel privileged to have taught and worked with over the course of three years.

I watched her develop from an intermediate level director, cinematographer, and editor to this point, directing her final thesis film. At every stage, her creativity, maturity, and generosity have brought her recognition and responsibility. Her awards speak for themselves, but you can imagine, in the competitive atmosphere of USC, the top directing scholarship is indeed a prize.

Liz has also been my Teaching Assistant for very demanding production classes and in every case, her judgement, tact, aesthetic sensitivity, and command of the practical necessities of filmmaking made her invaluable to me and our students.

We in the film profession should welcome this outstanding human being into our field and give her every kind of support.

Sincerely yours,

Amanda Pope

Amanda Pope
Associate Professor

SCHOOL

Eyeball Eddie is an independent short being produced and funded only with professional assistance and without the use of USC material or facilities. It will, however, also serve as a final thesis project for the USC film graduate school.

Eyeball Eddie

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Digital Media is pleased to announce that **Pupil Productions'** "Eyeball Eddie" has been selected for its **Avid Short Film Camp** program in April 1999. "We chose 'Eyeball Eddie' for its funny and unique story a well as the high caliber of professionalism and extensive experience of the filmmakers," said Aimee Dowl, Director of Acquisitions. "We seek compelling stories and excellent performances in the films we invite to Filmcamp."

Digital Media will provide three state of the art Avid Media composers, a supervising editor, and a support staff at no cost to the filmmakers. Additionally, six student editors will perform all necessary editing and bring in a picture cut of the film within the duration of the three-week program. Avid Short Film Camp and it companion program, **Avid Feature Film Camp**, trains qualified participants on the Avid Media Composer and provides the opportunity to earn a screen credit on a previously unreleased short or feature film.

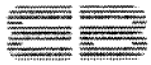
Nick Edgar, Senior Editor at Digital Media, has been seleced as Supervising Editor on "Eyeball Eddie." Mr. Edgar has worked on feature films in Los Angeles at such companies as Concorde/New Horizons, Regent Entertainment, and 360 Entertainment. He has also edited syndicated television and worked on interactive projects. Having recently relocated to Portland, Mr. Edgar has edited several features and shorts in the Film Camp program.

Digital Media is proud to welcome "Eyeball Eddie" into its repertoire of award-winning films edited at Film Camp. Other notable projects completed at Film Camp include: "Afraid of Everything" from Noon Pictures in New York, which was recently accepted into the 1999 **Sundance Film Festival** in the American Spectrum Program; and "American Chain Gang," a documentary about convict labor in the southern United States, which premiered at the **New York Underground Film Festival** (1998) and will air on PBS in early 1999.

DIGITALMEDIA
5201 SW Westgate Drive Suite 210 Portland, OR 97221
Telephone: 503-297-2324 FAX: 503-297-2191
World Wide Web: http://www.filmcamp.com

EDITING

Digital Media's program is created to be as close to a studio environment as possible. Both the producer and director will be on hand to supervise the editing process and will have "final cut" on the project.



RALPH EDWARDS/STU BILLETT
PRODUCTIONS

Eyeball Eddie

OFFICES

January 1, 1999

Dear Liz & Alexis –

We're more than happy to help with your student production of EYEBALL EDDIE.

As you know, we have two offices not currently in use in our suite and can make them available to you for the term of your production (from January 1, 1999 to April 30, 1999).

You will need to obtain your own liability insurance, telephones, and supplies, but desks and chairs already exist. Also, you will need to be prepared to leave on thirty days notice in the unlikely event our lease changes.

Good luck on your production, from working with you this last year, we know you'll do well!

Max Eckert
Controller,
Edwards/Billett Productions

6922 Hollywood Boulevard, Suite 415 Hollywood, California 90028 Telephone 213.462.2212 Fax 213.461.6253

Ralph Edwards and Edwards/Billett productions. Producers of THIS IS YOUR LIFE, TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES, and THE PEOPLES COURT, among others.

Alexis Kasperavicius - Producer

Alexis Kasperavicus started his production experience at the age of 10 in the summer of 1978, assisting the commercial editor at ABC television in Los Angeles. He has since worked on various film and television productions including CHEERS, DRAGNET, and as a script and technical consultant on the upcoming Miramax film TAKEDOWN. Alexis has supervised the post production on over 100 shorts, music videos, documentaries, multi-media presentations and low budget features – recently completing a 60 second COCA-COLA spot which short listed for the 1997 Clio awards. Alexis minored in French Horn performance at USC and currently plays with members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic in various private chamber groups.

Erin Simon – Producer

Erin Simon is currently Vice President of Television Development at Ben Stiller's Red Hour Productions with ABC. She was previously Vice-President of actor Tom Arnold's Clean Break Productions at Warner Brothers where she was executive in charge of Arnold's WB sitcom THE TOM ARNOLD SHOW. Erin attended the UCLA graduate film school producers program graduating in 1994.

Liz Allen - Director

Liz Allen is currently completing her MFA at USC where she was awarded the Jack Nicholson Directing Scholarship for the strongest directing candidate of the 1998-99 class. Last year she was awarded a Women in Film Crystal Award sponsored by Bette Midler and Bonnie Bruckheimer. She has written a commissioned feature for Roger Corman called THE X-RAY KID and shot the opening of MTV's LOVELINE aired for 64 episodes. A 60 second spec COCA-COLA commercial that she wrote, directed and produced was short listed for the 1997 Clio Awards. Liz graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Cornell University in 1993 and directed Theatre, including an off-Broadway festival at THE THEATRE STUDIO, in New York before moving to Los Angeles.

Erica Frauman and Marty Cohen – Executive Producers

Marty Cohen and Erica Frauman run post production at Dreamworks SKG having supervised post on SCHINDLERS LIST, THE LOST WORLD: JURASSIC PARK, SAVING PRIVATE RYAN, and many other Amblin and Dreamworks projects.

Rosemary O'Brien – Executive Producer

Rosemary O'Brian is a freelance producer and production manager of television commercials in the 1-5 million dollar range. She has worked with commercial directors Joe Pitka, Mikael Salomon and Kinka Usher.

Kelly Macmanus - Associate Producer

Kelly Macmanus was Vice President of Development at Woods Entertainment's New York offices. She has developed numberous scripts and was executive in charge of production on Harmony Korine's directing debut, GUMMO. She is currently CFO of The Furniture Company in Manhattan.

Nick Pustay - Screenwriter

Nick Pustay is a recent graduate of the USC School of Cinema-Television, where he won both the Gary Rosenberg and Robert Riskin memorial Writing Awards and graduated with distinction. At Miami University, he was the first writer in department history to win the Greer-Hepburn Senior Writer Award twice. He is a two-time semi finalist in both the Nichols Fellowship and Chesterfield Competition, and currently has three feature scripts under option.

Amanda Pope – Official USC Mentor

Amanda Pope is a tenured Associate Professor teaching advanced graduate production on staff at USC's School of Cinema-Television and is president of her own production comany, A. Pope Productions, Inc. Prior to teaching, Ms. Pope produced and directed award winning documentaries for PBS and the BBC and continues to work at a freelance documentary filmmaker.

This will be updated as staff members and crew sign on board.

Visit our web page at **http://www.pupil.org** for an up to date list.

Eyeball Eddie

Tentative Production Calendar 1/8/98

Main Office # 323/957-6304

JANUARY

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1	2
3	4 •Move into Production Offices	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12 •Production Meeting: Erin, Liz, Alexis, Erica, Amanda,	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

FEBRUARY

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17 •Cast Eddie	18	19	20 •Test Shoot
21	22	23	24	25 •Complete casting	26 •READ THRU	27 •Rehearsal
28 •Rehearsal						

MARCH

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1	2	3	4	5 •Rehearsal	6 •Rehearsal
7 •Rehearsal	8	9	10	11 •Principal Photography begins	12 •Screen Projected Dailies	13
				SHOOT		
14	15	16 •Dark	17	18	19	20
SHOOT			SHOOT			
21 •Wrap Shoot	22	23	24	25	26	27
SHOOT						
28	29 •Beta SP Dailies F.O.B. Portland	30	31			
	Avid Camp					

APRIL

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1 •Liz & Alexis to Portland for edit	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Avid Camp						
11	12	13	14	15	16	17 •Rough Cut complete
Avid Camp						
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26 •Pick Ups	27 •Pick Ups ?	28	29	30 •Production Offices Close •Post Production continues...	

EYEBALL EDDIE

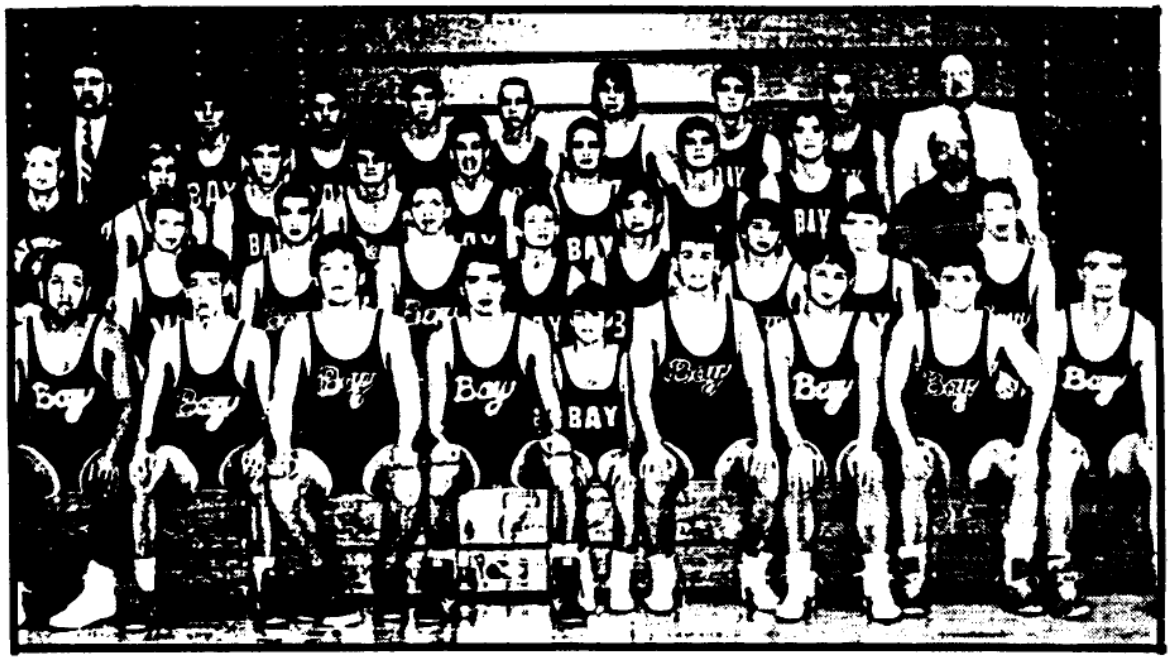
Story Synopsis

"Eyeball Eddie" is the story of the stormy relationship between a prosthetic glass eye and the insecure boy stuck behind it. What follows is a dark comedy about the price of popularity.

In the world of high-school wrestling, there is only the strong and the weak - and EDDIE MALICK may be the weakest you've ever seen. Shy, scrawny, and perpetually body-slammed, Eddie seems as fragile and pathetic as his own morbid glass eye. But when that eye accidently pops out during a match, Eddie seizes the moment, pins his horrified opponent to the mat - and suddenly realizes that the perfect strategy for victory sits in his socket.

Of course, as Eddie continues to exploit this advantage, word of his victories spreads through the school - and Eddie becomes a freakish sensation. The bleachers fill with fans eager to see another Eyeball Eddie gross-out show - and while this sudden celebrity status has long been his dream, Eddie begins to worry...is my eyeball becoming more popular than I am?

Nick Pustay



EYEBALL EDDIE

Written by
Nick Putsay

To be directed by: Liz Allen

January 1, 1999
WGA Registered

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON AN EYEBALL - bulging, unshifting, focused straight ahead. This is a GLASS EYE - and the worst you've ever seen. It belongs to EDDIE MALICK, 14, who stands at a gym locker. Small and timid. Wrestling tights hanging loose on his scrawny body.

SKELLEY
Long haired pimples. Whitehead pus splats. Polish hotdogs full of maggots. That's how I like to introduce myself.

TOM SKELLEY, 17, circles the steamed locker room. He's tall and muscled, square-jawed and crewcut. He moves among the other WRESTLERS like royalty, loved and feared by all. Mostly feared.

SKELLEY (CONT'D)
'Cause see, now I'm in your <u>head</u>, and you get distracted, thinking 'bout all those maggotty little maggots - and then WHAM!

Skelley instantly clamps a nearby WRESTLER into a headlock.

SKELLEY (CONT'D)
The headlock, like this - UNHH! Then I get real nasty, yeah, talkin' about the stains in your mama's panties, and then SLAM! you're <u>down</u> - you're out, one-two-three - and chief...*It sucks to be you.*

Skelley finally releases the pink-faced wrestler...before he notices Eddie watching him.

SKELLEY (CONT'D)
Hey, Eyeball. Do me a favor...

Eddie nods, happy for the attention. Skelley winces.

SKELLEY (CONT'D)
Don't point that thing at me.

INT. GYMNASIUM - WRESTLING PRACTICE - DAY

SLAM! - As Eddie is thrown to the mat by another WRESTLER. He wearily gets up to his knees, and waits for the next whistle.

EDDIE
Maggots. And pimples. And maggots.

The other Wrestler barely reacts. Eddie tries again.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Your mom's got...umm...dirty underpants.

The Wrestler squints, angry. A WHISTLE BLOWS, and he immediately slams Eddie to the mat again. Eddie moans - that one hurt.

COACH CLIFF COOK, 35, walks among the mats, watches his wrestlers.

COACH COOK
Take it easy! we've got a match tomorrow. Nobody gets killed 'til tomorrow.

WRESTLER
But he said somethin' about my mama.

The wrestler mumbles to Coach Cook, somewhat embarrassed. Coach Cook shakes his head...and blows his WHISTLE. The Wrestler SLAMS Eddie again.

CUT TO:

WRESTLING MATS CURLING TIGHT - as WRESTLERS strain to roll the heavy foam mats after practice. Coach Cook walks with Eddie.

COACH COOK
You know, Ed - when you've been coaching this long - well, some coaches say you get a fatherly feeling for the kids...

Eddie nods, looks up to him. Coach Cook winces at the glass eye.

COACH COOK (CONT'D)
But son - even if I were your father, I'd be embarrassed to watch you wrestle. Now listen - I'd do anything for this team to finally win a match. But you're the only wrestler I've got under a hundred pounds. You're the first guy I send to the mat every night, and that's not exactly putting my best foot forward.

EDDIE
I think I'm getting better...if I keep practicing, maybe...

He pauses, at the sight of Skelley shouting across the gym, demonstrating his headlock on yet another innocent wrestler.

COACH COOK
Ed - I don't expect you to be like him. But can you be a little less like you?

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

PHOTOS of WRESTLERS taped around the mirror, as Eddie flexes in the mirror trying to imitate Skelley. He angles his head in

profile - always featuring his good eye. He sighs, and begins to massage his eye socket delicately...

A GLASS OF WATER ON THE DRESSER - and the glass eye plops down, sinking slowly. Gazing out on the world.

A WHISTLE BLOWING...

INT. GYMNASIUM - WRESTLING MATCH - DAY

As the Referee signals the start of the match. Eddie is immediately smashed - this time by another school's OPPONENT, who easily out-muscles him. Eddie MOANS in pain...

And his pain echos over the small CROWD - sparse at best, and barely paying attention to the match at hand. A few STUDENTS chatter in the bleachers. A LITTLE BOY plays with action figures. A BORED PARENT reads a book, passing time.

ALONG THE SIDELINES - A School Photographer, LAYLA, 15, snaps a round of close-ups on each slam. Clunky boots and black-dyed hair, which she lets hang over her face. A curious MOTHER watches her.

MOTHER
I'll bet you're with the yearbook, huh.

Layla stares at her - long bangs hanging over her eyes.

LAYLA
Everyone has to start somewhere.

MOTHER
Well, you may want to save film for the other boys. That boy - he always loses.

Layla grins - framing yet another shot.

LAYLA
Exactly.

WHILE ON THE MAT - The REFEREE separates the two. Eddie drops to his knees, trying to catch his breath.

The Referee blows his WHISTLE - and WHAM! - Eddie is slammed, face-first. Again...and again...and again...

And on the last slam, <u>his glass eye pops out</u>..

Falling onto the mat. Rolling to a stop, like a shot marble.

Eddie grunts, continues to wrestle, unawares...

While the Opponent freezes. The Referee, too. Both of them shocked, staring at the glass eye on the mat...

Of which Layla snaps a dramatic CLOSE-UP PHOTO - *FLASH!*

As the crowd turns absolutely silent. The Bored Parent drops his book. The boy quickly gathers his action figures, protectively.

Eddie sees the eye. He sees his Opponent shudder in fright, gazing at Eddie's face in horror.

COACH COOK
Pin him, Eddie! Pin him! PIN HIM!

Eddie pauses - and goes in for the pin. The Opponent rolls on his back, only inches from Eddie's empty socket - SCREAMING for mercy.

The OPPOSING COACH charges at Coach Cook, RANTING in protest...

While the Referee slaps the count of the mat, *ONE-TWO-THREE.* Eddie rolls to his feet, his hand covering his empty socket. The Referee grabs his arm, tries to pry the hand away from him...

And finally raises the <u>other</u> arm in victory.

INT. COACH COOK'S OFFICE - LATER

Where Eddie now slumps in a fold-out chair, dejected. Coach Cook squats next to him - getting a closer look at the glass eye.

COACH COOK
There wasn't a word about this in the rule book. We checked twice. Those things are usually pretty thorough...

EDDIE
Coach - I don't want to wrestle anymore.

COACH COOK
But, Ed...you finally won. You led the team to victory.

He pats Eddie's head, but Eddie only sniffles, inconsolable.

COACH COOK (CONT'D)
Hey. Don't cry. You won't have to wrestle. Okay?

Coach Cook considers him a moment, rises to shut the office door.

COACH COOK (CONT'D)
I guess it's kinda embarrassing, but listen - you should be proud of yourself. I mean that. You may have an eye made of *glass*, but let me tell you something...

He CLENCHES HIS FIST, and kisses it.

COACH COOK (CONT'D)
You got balls made of *brass*.

EDDIE
I do?

COACH COOK
But I don't care <u>how</u> tough you are - I don't want you to continue to play the team hero if you're embarrassed about it.

EDDIE
Are you saying...you want me to do it again?

COACH COOK
Of course not. Not if it makes you uncomfortable. But let's face it - you're a man, playing a man's game. you're not pampered like those padded little girls on the football team. You're putting your balls out on the line every time, and so if it gets rough out there on the canvas...who could predict when something like this might happen again?

Eddie chews his fingernails as he studies his Coach.

INT. GYMNASIUM - WRESTLING MATCH - DAYS LATER

Eddie waits on the mat, sweating - his OPPONENT circles the mat, taunting him.

The WHISTLE BLOWS - and as usual, Eddie is quickly SLAMMED, pretzeled against the mat. The REFEREE WHISTLES for a break-up...

And Eddie wearily gets to his feet. He looks to the sidelines for help, but Coach only shrugs, <u>kissing his clenched fist</u>..

Eddie hesitates...as he's swept into another headlock, he takes a deep breath and then hits the side of his head. The Opponent squints, as Eddie's eye pops out of his head.

OPPONENT
Oh, crap!

SLAM! The Opponent hits the mat, pinned. Leading into...

INT. GYMNASIUM - WRESTLING MATCH - DAY

ANOTHER MATCH, as Eddie rolls on the mat, clenched with another OPPONENT. He pokes out his glass eye, fumbling it forward...

As the CROWD GASPS in horror, now grown larger than before. LAYLA snaps pictures of the action, her jaw shifted skeptically...

INT. SCHOOLBUS - DAY

And now holding the eye up for his TEAMMATES, who ritually touch the eye in passing for good luck, before exiting the bus.

INT. GYMNASIUM - PICTURE DAY

FLASH! LAYLA snaps team yearbook photos - *FLASH!* - As EDDIE poses flexing.

INT. GYMNASIUM - WRESTLING MATCH - DAY

As the glass eye rolls across the mat...

And FROM THE EYE'S POV, the crowded bleachers roll in circles...

INT HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAYS

As EYEBALL SYMBOLS - like hieroglyphics - seem to appear everywhere. Carved into classroom desks. Written on bathroom stall doors. Painted on the back of a student's jean jacket...

INT. GYMNASIUM - WRESTLING MATCH - DAY

As an EYEBALL BANNER unfurls in the bleachers. The CROWD now completely fills the bleachers, some of them waving homemade signs - *"GO EDDIE!" - "EYEBALL EDDIE" - "SOCKET TO EM!"*...

While and ANGRY OPPONENT circles the mat, shouting at Eddie.

ANGRY OPPONENT
I'm not afraid of your stupid eye, man!

Eddie nods, his eyes closed - strangely quiet. As the referee brings them together, Eddie motions at the Angry Opponent...

EDDIE
Mmmmpphhmmmmttt.

Eddie opens his mouth, <u>reveals the eye in his lips</u> He smacks his lips together, like a wink of the eye...

And WHAM! The opponent hits the mat. *ONE-TWO-THREE* signals the end of the match. Eddie stands over the fallen opponent...

EDDIE
Chief, it sucks to be you.

Skelley watches Eddie, proudly. WHILE ALONG THE SIDELINES - Layla ZOOMS IN on Eddie's face, as he raises the eyeball - blows it off coolly, like a smoking gun.

Layla pulls away from her camera - clearly disappointed.

INT. TROPHY DISPLAYS - HALLWAYS - DAY

Eddie stands alone by the trophy case, admires the modest collection of hardware. Team PLAQUES hang on the wall above him.

SKELLEY (O.C.)
Just look at that mean bastard...

Skelley approaches from behind, points to the photo plaque of a MEAN-LOOKING WRESTLER - posed over a defeated victim.

SKELLEY
I wanta come back here in fifty years and see my picture up there like that. You beat a guy, you gotta put on a mean pose. 'Cause fifty years from now, nobody remembers if you even won or lost - but <u>that</u> - you can't ever forget a good picture. I'm as mean as that bastard, aren't I?

EDDIE
Oh, yeah. Nobody likes you.

Skelly pauses. Decides to take that as a compliment. He punches Eddie's arm - a solid punch. Eddie bites his lip from the sting.

SKELLEY
You're a mean little bastard yourself.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Eddie carries his tray through the crowded lunch room, looking for a seat. People whisper about Eddie as he passes. A WHISTLE from the background, and Eddie turns...

To see Skelley <u>clearing a space at his table</u>

CUT TO:

LUNCH TRAYS STACKED AT THE TABLE - as Skelley and FRIENDS continue to eat lunch. Eddie sits with them, so proud just to be here.

SKELLEY
There better be girls at this party tonight. Without girls, it's just a bunch of guys. That's where the girls gotta come in, you know?

The others nod. Skelley stuffs food in his mouth, winks at Eddie.

SKELLEY (CONT'D)
You up for a party, Eyeball?

Eddie grins, can't hide his excitement.

EDDIE
Yeah. I guess so...

PRETTY GIRL (O.C.)
Ummm, excuse me.

A pretty girl leans over from across their table. Skelley slides over in his seat to make room for her...

But she sits next to Eddie instead. Staring at the glass eye...

PRETTY GIRL
Could I maybe...touch it?

Eddie shrugs. The girl's friends watch from a distance, amused. Skelley watches a bit jealous.

While Layla also watches, squinting from several tables away, as the Pretty Girl carefully touches the eye in Eddie's socket.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS - DAY

Eddie stops at his locker to find a PHOTO of himself, taped to the door. His glass eye drawn over with a pirate's eye patch.

FLASH! Eddie spins, to find Layla beside him, camera in hand.

LAYLA
You never saw me coming, did you? You know how long I've been following you?

Eddie only shrugs. Layla grins beneath her bangs.

LAYLA
You've got a big blind spot.

INT. SCHOOL DARK ROOM - DAY

Where RED LAMPS glow above. 8x10 glossies hang on clothes lines, drying. Layla holds a fresh photo to the light, while Eddie stands nearby, peeking into a developing tray.

LAYLA
I could never understand why you were a wrestler. You don't seem much like the

type. But then I realized - Eddie's got a blind spot. You can't see things.

EDDIE
I can see things fine.

Layla CLICKS OFF the red safe-light. The room darkens completely.

EDDIE
Hey. Hey, c'mon. Where are you?

No response. The FLOOR CREAKS. No other sound.

We only hear their BREATHING. And finally, her voice.

LAYLA
How can you play a sport, you can only see half the world?

EDDIE
Wrestling isn't about seeing. It's about sensing. It's about holding on.

The OVERHEAD LAMP CLICKS ON. Eddie reacts, to find Layla now standing very close to him.

LAYLA
That's why you wrestle, huh. You can do it with your eyes closed.

EDDIE
It sounds stupid when you say it.

LAYLA
It's not stupid. It's beautiful.

Layla inches closer, parts her bangs slightly - <u>exposing one of her lovely blue eyes.</u> Eddie grows tense.

LAYLA
Don't let them ruin you, Eddie. They're just using you. You're better than that. You're not a freak show.

EDDIE
It's none of your business...

Eddie turns for the door, agitated, fumbling over trays.

LAYLA
Eddie, wait...

EDDIE
You don't understand. I'm going to a party right now. Nobody ever invited

me to parties before. Nobody ever talked to me. I've never been good at anything in my whole life. Except this.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Skelley waits by the exits, waving toward a Jeep in the parking lot. He doesn't even notice as Eddie arrives.

EDDIE
Are you still going to that party?

SKELLEY
Yeah, sure. That's my ride.

The Jeep pulls up to the curb, full of Skelley's FRIENDS. Skelley opens the passenger door. Eddie moves to climb in...

But there's only one seat - the front seat, which Skelley takes.

Skelley looks into the backseat. None of his Friends budge an inch. Skelley turns to Eddie, shrugs his shoulders.

SKELLEY
Sorry, chief. Next time, huh. We'll get a bigger car next time, okay.

EDDIE
Okay. Next time, then.

Eddie tries to laugh it off, as the Jeep pulls away, heading out through the empty parking lot. Eddie frowns...

Until the Jeep stops in the distance. Sits there a moment...

And the Jeep circles back coming back for Eddie. Eddie grins, waving at them. The Jeep nears, honking its HORN...

But stops short. The door opens, and Skelley hops out. Motions for Eddie to come along. Eddie jogs over.

SKELLEY
I need a favor, chief. Let me borrow it for tonight. Okay? I'll bring it back tomorrow. First thing tomorrow.

Eddie pauses - takes the blow. He begins to cock his head...

SKELLEY (CONT'D)
Wait. Can I try it once?

Eddie shrugs. Skelley WHACKS the back of Eddie's head, ONCE, TWICE - and then a THIRD TIME - finally popping the eye out.

SKELLEY (CONT'D)
I'll take good care of it.

Eddie nods, tries to hide his disappointment. The Jeep speeds away.

WHILE IN THE PARKING LOT - Coach Cook loads equipment into his car, watches the exchange from a distance

INT. HIGH SCHOOL PARTY - NIGHT

Eddie sits on the corner of his bed, hand clamped over his empty socket. The glass of water sits on the counter - eyeball missing.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL PARTY - NIGHT

Where Skelley bounces among the high-school PARTY CROWD - showing off the glass eye like a new toy.

SKELLEY
Look out, ladies! Look out! Big Skelley's keepin' an eye out for you!

CUTTING BETWEEN:

THE PARTY - As Skelley bounces the glass eye off the table - playing a game of "Quarters". The eyeball smacks off the surface...lands in a pitcher of beer. The PLAYERS scramble for their drinks, as the eye sinks deeper...

As EDDIE SPLASHES HIS FACE in the sink. He brushes his teeth before bed. The nearby clock reads 1:25 a.m. Eddie gurgles and spits...he stares at his reflection.

WHILE SKELLEY SWIGS A BEER - tilting back a can, beer streaming down his face. He offers a sloppy, drunken grin...

And looks strangely at the glass eye - which now sits in a dirty ashtray, left abandoned on a cluttered table. Skelley chuckles.

SKELLEY
It's like he's looking at me.

AN ALARM CLOCK READS 3:45 a.m. - and Eddie sits on the floor, curled in a blanket. Tears running from his good eye.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NEXT DAY

Where Eddie paces, dressed in his uniform. Coach Cook enters.

COACH COOK
Is he here? We've got ten minutes.

Eddie shakes his head, no. His hand jitters, covers his socket. Coach Cook assesses Eddie, leans near, pulling athletic tape from a roll...as he begins to cover the socket with tape

COACH COOK
You can do it on your own, Ed. Balls of brass.

INT. GYMNASIUM - WRESTLING MATCH - DAY

An OPPONENT waits on the mat, jogging in place, staying limber. The REFEREE checks his watch, gives a WHISTLE...

But Coach Cook only shrugs his shoulders from the bench.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

While Eddie hunches on the bench, alone in the locker room. His empty socket completely taped over. FOOTSTEPS draw near...

As Skelley now rushes through the locker room, hurriedly undressing. Riffles through his locker, finds his uniform.

EDDIE
Where's my eye? You have my eye! You said you'd bring it back!

Skelley looks up - he didn't even notice Eddie there.

SKELLEY
I thought I did.

EDDIE
No! And I'm missing my match!

Skelley pauses, checks his pockets. Finds the glass eye. He casually tosses it to Eddie, who can't believe this. Skelley proceeds to put on his uniform, trying to swallow several aspirin.

SKELLEY
Don't talk so loud, dude - my head hurts. I'm so friggin' hungover...

Eddie starts to peel his taped socket...then freezes in horror...

To find that the glass eye is cracked scratched across the iris. Eddie's lip quivers. Skelley watches him, gauging his reaction.

EDDIE
But...I thought we were friends.

Skelley pauses - and merely chuckles.

SKELLEY
Well, chief - it sucks to be you.

Skelley turns back for his locker. Eddie's jaw tightens...

And he charges at Skelley jumps on his back with a savage SCREAM. Skelley spins him into a locker, but Eddie won't let go. They thrash through the locker room, pulling each other around...

INT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

And into the hall, slipping across the tile. Skelley MOANS, tries to fight him off, despite his obvious hangover...

But Eddie has lost it - crashing into Skelley, ramming him into the surrounding display cabinets. Trophies CRASH to the floor...

INT. GYMNASIUM - WRESTLING MATCH - CONTINUOUS

While inside, the sounds of the BRAWL filter through the CROWD...

INT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Where the glass eye skips across the floor, richocheting among them, as Eddie finally pins Skelley. Skelley resists...

SKELLEY
Maggots! Maggots! Maggots...!

Until his hand strikes the tile in surrender...*ONE-TWO-THREE*...

And Eddie lets up, gets to his feet. Skelley lies flat, catching his breath, as Eddie stands over him, seething with rage...

FLASH! Eddie looks up...to find LAYLA in the gym doorway, holding her camera.

Eddie looks around, discovers that a crowd has accumulated in the hallway, watching them. Coach Cook. Teammates. Parents.

Layla steps away from the crowd, approaching the the glass eye, spinning dangerously close to a grate.

Eddie joins her there, gazing down. The eye finally stops spinning, right on the brim of the grate...

And CRUNCH! Eddie pauses, takes a step back. He's just stepped on the eye - and it's shattered into several pieces.

LAYLA
You just broke it.

EDDIE
Yeah...

Eddie shares a look with her. Shrugs.

EDDIE
Must have been in my blind spot.

Layla reacts, as Eddie walks back toward the gymnasium. The CROWD parts to let him pass. He looks up to Coach Cook.

EDDIE
I'm ready to wrestle, Coach.

Coach Cook pats his shoulder. They return back inside the gym...

While Skelley lies on his back, nursing his hangover. Looks over the departing crowd. Only the action figure LITTLE BOY remains.

Skelley gazes up to a PLAQUE on the wall, where the MEAN-LOOKING WRESTLER still hangs, looking down on him. He pauses a moment...

And then it hits him.

SKELLEY
Ahhh, dude!

CUT TO:

A PHOTO DEVELOPING IN THE DARK ROOM - taking shape under the surface. It's LAYLA'S PHOTO - of Eddie standing over Skelley in victory...*FLASH!*

FLASH! - that PHOTO printed in the school newspaper - pinned to the bulletin board by Coach Cook, who kisses his clenched fist...

FLASH! - as TEAM WRESTLERS snicker, flipping through the school paper, looking at the printed picture.

FLASH! - as the PHOTO is taped to a locker door, before Skelley angrily rips it down, glaring at the students around him...

SKELLEY
OKAY! WHO DID THIS?!?

FLASH! - as Eddie fixes the camera's self-timer, hurries next to Layla. She resists, naturally shy, but Eddie tugs at her arm, pulls her back into the camera frame.

Their hands lock together, waiting for the next flash...

As Eddie smiles, now wearing an eye patch...and Layla wears the glued-together glass eye on a chain.

FADE OUT